

LIVER TROUBLES

"I find Thedford's Black-Draught a good medicine for liver disease. It cured my son after he had spent \$100 with doctors. It is the best medicine I take."—MRS. CAROLINE MARTIN, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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Thedford's Black-Draught will cleanse the bowels of impurities and strengthen the kidneys. A torpid liver invites colds, biliousness, chills and fever and all manner of sickness and contagion. Weak kidneys result in Bright's disease which claims so many victims as consumption. A 25-cent package of Thedford's Black-Draught should always be kept in the house.

"I used Thedford's Black-Draught for liver and kidney complaints and found nothing to equal it."—WILLIAM COFFMAN, Marblehead, Ill.

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Wm. Germond,

Tonsorial Artist.

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Sure Cures Prevents Pneumonia

HER CHOICE

By Louise Hubert Guyot

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"Now that it is all over, I don't mind telling you that is the girl that I had chosen for you to marry."

She looked up at him over the great bunch of pink roses that she held in her arms and from under the soft chiffon of her white hat, and he looked down at her out of deep set eyes under shaggy brows. Then his glance followed hers down the long distance of the room, resting on the girl who stood there beneath a bower of palms. The cloudy masses of her white veil were thrown back from a face of smiles and blushes as she received congratulations and wondered vaguely at the strange sweetness of it all.

"You—don't—mean—it?" There were great pauses of incredulity between Wilton's words, and the slow smile that came into his eyes was not one of vanity, rather of great pleasure in an unexpected compliment.

"Is she not the girl I have always described? Tall and slender, big brown eyes and soft, curling, light brown hair? You have been blind all this time not to have seen who I meant."



"I DON'T SEE WHY WE DON'T EITHER DO YOU, MARGARET."

I had set my heart on it somehow," she added sadly. "You both seem so well suited to each other."

"Why did you not tell me sooner? I might have set to work. It would have been hard work, though." He was still looking at the bride.

"Play the part of matchmaker? And where my little sister was concerned? Ah, no! I could not tell you, but I did so want it."

"That is the greatest compliment you could have paid me. I really—He had turned and was looking down into her eyes. Suddenly he stopped as if a thought had stifled his words, and the color left his face for one short second.

"Come," she said, as though divining his thought and wishing to interrupt it, "you are to make the first toast, I believe. You must continue your duties as best man."

She led the way down the long hall, and together they paused on the threshold of the dining room.

"Did you do this?" he asked.

"Yes. Do you like it?"

He stood silently drinking in the beauty of the room, with its filmy draperies of asparagus fern, amid the delicate green of which stood forth tall silver and crystal vases filled with long stemmed Bridesmaids' roses. Here and there low bowls of green and gold Bohemian glass were half buried beneath the dainty color of the Duchesse rose velled in leaves of maidenhair. The conventional cake, with its streamers of narrow satin ribbon, shimmered white amid the colors, and the pink shaded candles threw soft reflections over everything.

It was very beautiful, and he said so to her. She was very beautiful as she moved about in her clinging gown of palest green chiffon, straightening a leaf here or bending a flower there, and his eyes said so, although she did not see it.

Then the next thing he knew the room was filled with people, the young bride was beside him, and some one was holding a glass toward him, saying, "Will you not toast them?"

He looked at the bride, bowed and began.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" then stopped, laughing. "That won't do. You are not a skylark."

"She's a bird, though," vehemently interrupted a boy who had adored the girl for years.

"Then I cannot continue at all, for 'bird' then never wert' won't apply. What shall I say?" He looked at the tall man standing near, then into the eyes of the girl bride.

"With thy clear, keen joyance

Langour cannot be,"

he quoted, then, improvising, continued:

"May shadow of annoyance
Never come near thee."

He raised his glass and turned toward the groom:

"They will love and ne'er know love's sad satiety."

And amid a murmur of applause and

clinking of glasses the toast was drunk. Then some one, taking up the thread of Wilton's thought, began:

"What thou art we know not
What is most like thee?"

And the boy who had used the slang surprised them all by continuing the quotation:

"She is 'like a glowworm golden.' Oh, oh, oh! But 'like a star of heaven in the broad daylight' or 'a rose embowered in its own green leaves.' 'All that ever was joyous and clear and fresh' or—"

"Please," said the bride appealingly, "no more. It is very beautiful, but so embarrassing. I don't deserve it. I am going to drink to Shelley, who taught you to say such beautiful things."

"With such a subject," some one began, but Margaret and her sister had disappeared.

Wilton slipped from the crowded room out into the quiet halls, where he wandered up and down, thinking, wondering how he had not thought the same thing before. All these months past how stupid he had been! Yes, he thought it would do no harm to try his luck. Ah, no; she never would, she could not love him; it was too much to expect. She would look higher and find— But she had chosen him for the little sister, whom he knew she loved better than life. If she thought him good enough for her, would she not be willing to—

The idea had taken so strong a hold upon him from the moment he had looked down into her eyes to thank her for her compliment that now he wondered how he could have been blind to it for so long a time. It seemed to him as if he had never had any other thought than this, as if he could never have any other thought than Margaret. He wondered if—

The carriage was at the door; the bride had her arms about her mother's neck; the groom, already halfway down the steps, was impatiently waiting. A shower of rice filled the air, a white satin slipper shimmered through the shower. With a quick pull the horses started, and the man within the carriage turned from waving a last adieu to the party on the balcony and put his arms about the girl.

"At last I have you safe," he said. "Do you know, I was always afraid of that man Wilton!"

That man Wilton was already following Margaret into the drawing room just as a voice behind them said:

"That's the best fellow in town. I don't see why he and Margaret don't—"

The color rushed over Margaret's face as she glanced up to see if he had heard. The smile in his eyes made her look down again quickly. She walked to the far end of the room beneath the palms where her sister had stood and, stooping, picked up some rose petals that lay scattered at her feet. She did it all unconsciously. When she rose Wilton was standing over her. He took her hands in his, rose petals and all, and looked down into her eyes.

"I don't see why we don't either. Do you, Margaret?"

Some one had gone to a piano, and the strains of the march from "Le Prophete" came to them through the open doors, a breeze softly stirred in the palm leaves above their heads, the pink rose petals slipped from her fingers in a shower down over her gown as she put her hands up on Wilton's shoulders and met his eager, questioning look.

"No—I don't," she said very softly.

A. H. THURNE'S REMARKABLE CASE.

A. H. Thurnes, Mgr. Willis Creek Coal Co., Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pains. Other medicines only gave relief. After taking Foley's Kidney Cure the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, like fine stones, and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. Foley's Kidney Cure has done me \$1,000 worth of good."

For sale by L. C. Madison.

Wanted—Agents.
The Hawks Nursery Company Wauwatosa, Wis.

East Jordan & Southern R. R.

TIME TABLE.
(In effect June 21, 1903)

SOUTH		NORTH	
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.
8:30	1:15	11:45	5:00
8:43	1:28	11:32	4:47
8:51	1:36	11:24	4:39
8:54	1:39	11:20	4:35
9:06	1:51	11:08	4:23
9:18	2:03	10:57	4:12
9:30	2:15	10:45	4:00

All trains daily except Sunday.
Trains run by central standard time.
Flag stations; trains stop on signal to take on or let off passengers.
W. P. PORTER E. J. CROSSMAN,
Gen. Manager. Traffic Mgr.

Detroit & Charle-voix R. R.

Time Schedule in effect Sunday, December 20th, 1903.

Going East	Stations	Going West
9:00 am	Le South Arm Ar	6:45 pm
9:30 am	Wards	5:50 pm
9:35 am	Jordan River	5:50 pm
9:35 am	Graves' Camp	5:45 pm
9:40 am	Green River	5:35 pm
10:45 am	Alba	5:20 pm
11:40 am	Deward	4:35 pm
12:15 pm	Ar Frederic Lv	4:00 pm

CLARK HAIRE,
General Manager.

PERE MARQUETTE

In effect Sept. 27, 1903.

Trains leave Bellaire as follows:

For Traverse City, 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.

For Grand Rapids, Chicago and West 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.

For Saginaw and Detroit: 10:19 a. m. and 3:57 p. m.

For Charlevoix and Petoskey: 2:29 p. m., and 7:39 p. m.

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FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is the only preparation which will positively cure all forms of Kidney and Bladder troubles, and cure you permanently. It is a safe remedy and certain in results.

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Mr. G. A. Stillson, a merchant of Tampico, Ill., writes: "FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is meeting with wonderful success. It has cured some cases here that physicians pronounced incurable. I myself am able to testify to its merits. My face today is a living picture of health and FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has made it such."

Had Lumbago and Kidney Trouble

Edward Huss, a well known business man of Salisbury, Mo., writes: "I wish to say for the benefit of others, that I was a sufferer from lumbago and kidney trouble, and all the remedies I took gave me no relief. I began to take FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE, and after the use of three bottles I am cured."

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